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Prologue.

A leader looked around. She saw a small pool, and then Tallstar. "Tallstar! I've only heard of you in nursery stories!" She bounded up to him. "Calm down, Amberstar." "Where am I?" Amberstar mewed. "You are in Starclan."

"Oh no! Was it the rogues, or the drowning?" She hissed.

"The rogues took more lives than you expected, Amberstar. You drowned on your last life." Tallstar mewed.

Amberstar looked over the edge of a cloud, and saw Windclan below.

"Icefur has had a litter of kits!" Brookstar announced.

1

Sealkit looked around the nursery, eyes gleaming. She saw a mossball in the corner, and leaped on it. "Ow!" Littlekit hissed.

"Sorry..." Sealkit mewed. Sealkit picked up the mossball and padded outside of the den. Oakkit and Stormkit were looking at her. "What do you want?" Stormkit hissed.

"I want to become the greatest hunter, and then deputy, and then LEADER!" She mewed proudly.

"Not with fur as fluffy and bright as yours...!" Oakkit nervously mewed, and then pretended to laugh with Stormkit. Sealkit ducked her head in shame and stalked back to the nursery.

"What's wrong, dear?" Icefur asked her. "Oakkit and Stormkit were laughing at me... They say I'll never be able to hunt."

"Sealkit.." Icefur purred as Sealkit stalked outside.

Sealkit whipped around to face Stormkit. "What makes you think you could treat me like that?!"

"Oooh, I'm so scared! What a scary little kitten!" He hissed. Sealkit stared at him for a heartbeat and leaped at him, battering his face and ears with tiny paws.

2

Sealkit looked at Littlekit, and whispered "Do you want to go show Oakkit and Stormkit that we can hunt?" Littlekit's fawn-colored fur shone in the moonlight as she slept.

"No... It's barely moonhigh.." She mumbled. Sealkit's ears flattened and her fluffy neck fur bristled, making her appear like a fluffy pinecone.

"Stormkit and Oakkit are already going. I'm leaving." Sealkit hissed as she walked out of the den with Oakkit and Stormkit.

They got to the edge of camp and Oakkit asked, "Are we going to be safe doing this?" Stormkits tail slapped his mouth, and Stormkit and Sealkit walked out of the dirt place exit. Oakkit dashed to catch up with them.

They reached the moor, and Sealkit saw a rabbit and dashed towards it. Storm kit tackled her. "It's my catch!" He hissed.

"I saw it first!" Sealkit bristled. Sealkit ran up to the rabbit, and stalked it for the next few tail-lengths. Sealkit leaped at it, and tumbled down a ledge, into a gorge.

Stormkit hissed at Oakkit as he ran towards her. "Leave her," He spat. "She'll get in trouble and we won't." Oakkit wistfully looked at Sealkit, her body crippled down below, and walked back to camp.

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3.

Dovesong looked at Sealkit, who's pelt was ruffled and tangled with thorns. "That was quite the fall she took. She'll have to stay in my den for quite a while. Leopardpaw, come over here, and bring comfrey and nettle leaves." Sealkit stirred for a moment, and fell back unconscious.

Dovesong nodded to her apprentice, and then looked at Sealkit, who was just waking up. "You shouldn't have been out of camp, Sealkit..." She mewed, looking at Sealkit's broken leg. Leopardpaw looked over at Sealkit, and questioned, "What convinced you to go out there? Was there anyone else with you?" Sealkit slowly craned her head up, and spat in a tiny voice. "Stormkit made me. I'm sure he made Oakkit come, too. Oakkit sounded like he didn't want to be there at all." After resting her head for a few moments, she mewed, "Stormkit pushed me off of the cliff." Leopardpaw tilted her head, and Dovesong purred at her, "She's just a kit, they always blame it on someone else." Leopardpaw looked up at her mentor, and asked, "What if she isn't lying? What if Stormkit did push her? I've seen him attack his prey when he should've been eating it before, and I'm not sure if I trust him." Dovesong purred at her. "Nonsense." Dovesong looked around to see Littlekit walking into the den. "Hi, Sealkit." Littlekit looked at Dovesong, and mewed, "Oakkit's got a burr stuck on his tail. Stormkit nearly shredded me when I went to go get you." Dovesong looked at Leopardpaw and mewed, "I see." The two medicine cats padded away to the nursery.

Sealkit fidgeted in the moss bed, when Littlekit and Icefur walked up to her. Icefur looked at Sealkit, and mewed, "It appears you broke your leg." Sealkit looked up at her mother. Sealkit stood up, and her leg gave way, throwing her back onto the cushioned moss. Icefur looked at Sealkit, waves of concern in her eyes. "Try not to stand on it, Sealkit. You'll hurt it worse. We miss you, and are always waiting for you to come back." Littlekit looked at Sealkit solemnly, and walked back to the nursery with her mother.

Chapter 5

Sealkit woke up, her leg sore, but movable. "DOVESONG!" Sealkit yelped. The medicine cat walked over. Dovesong mewed,

"What is it?" Sealkit looked up at her and purred. "I can move my leg again! I can become an apprentice just like Littlekit, and Oakkit!" "What about Stormkit?" Dovesong chortled. Sealkit flicked her ears.

"He's a meanie." Sealkit winced as she stood up, and asked, "Can I go back to the nursery now? I want to play with Littlekit and stop sleeping in this tiny nest." Dovesong looked at her.

"Yes, you can. Be careful on that leg of yours, and you're free to go."

"Great!" Sealkit's eyes lit up, and Sealkit dashed out of the den on three legs.

"Hey, Herbkit!" A voice sneered. "Go back to the medicine cat den. You're practically MADE of comfrey, and you smell like bitter plants, too. All the prey can smell you!" Stormkit glared at Sealkit, so close their whiskers were touching. Sealkit quickly batted him on the head, hissing.

"Go away, Stormkit. I don't want anything to do with you now."

"What, are you scared?" Stormkit sneered. Sealkit's head whipped around to face him, growling at him.

"You'll regret this." Sealkit's teeth were bared in a snarl, and her fur was bristling. Brookstar padded over to the fresh-kill pile, to see the two kits about to shred each other.

"Stop!" She yowled. Stormkit started to wail like a newborn kit.

"She tried to hurt me! She ripped my ear! See?" He lifted up his ear,

to reveal a perfectly soft, untouched ear.

"Your lies won't get past Brookstar." Sealkit whispered, then yowled. "He called me Herbkit! He taunted me and made me feel like all of dirtplace!"

7

"Sealpaw, I will teach you battle moves, for when an enemy attacks." Curlytuft mewed. "First, you need to leap high into the air, using your back legs." Curlytuft nodded to Sealpaw, as Sealpaw stretched up and landed on Curlytuft's back.

Curlytuft rolled over, and Sealpaw quickly leaped out of the way. "What was that? You almost squashed me!" Sealpaw squeaked in alarm. "That brings us to our next lesson."

Curlytuft looked at Sealpaw. "As a tiny scrap as small as you, if you leap onto a cat's back, they could easily roll over and crush you. You need to roll in the opposite direction of them, then attack their belly.

Soon, the mentor and apprentice finished training, and met up with the others. Littlepaw looked at Sealpaw. "I can't wait to become a warrior! Echowing is great!" Littlepaw squeaked. Sealpaw nodded.

"Curlytuft is great, too." Stormpaw looked at the two apprentices and sneered.

"Birdclaw could step on all of Thunderclan and win every battle!" Oakpaw looked over at Bluetail, who was purring at him.

"Oakpaw's been a great apprentice, and has been learning quickly." Bluetail mewed.

The sun was setting, and Littlepaw and Sealpaw each grabbed the driest rabbits from the fresh-kill pile. They sat down with their prey, and started to chat.

"I can't wait to be a warrior! I bet my warrior name will be Sealwind, for how I'll be as strong as all of Windclan!" Sealpaw mewed happily.

"I'll probably be Littlestep, for how quiet I am sneaking up on prey." Littlepaw purred.

"You're always quiet!" Sealpaw laughed. The two apprentices finished eating their rabbits, and walked to their nests to sleep.

Part 8

"Dawn patrol! Curlytuft, Echowing, Fuzzleap and Beetlefur, you're coming on it. You are welcome to bring your apprentices, if you'd like." Brookstone yowled from the highest peak in camp. Sealpaw and Littlepaw bounded over, and the patrol left.

Sealpaw looked at Littlepaw and mewed, itching for battle, "When are we going to get to fight Thunderclan?" Littlepaw stared at Sealpaw, shocked by how ready she was to fight. Nervously, she mewed, "Only if we find their scent on our territory." "Aww!" Sealpaw groaned, wishing to battle Thunderclan.

The patrol returned to the camp, having found no signs of Thunderclan on their territory.

Sealpaw batted at a butterfly. "I bet she's imagining that butterfly is a Thunderclan warrior." Littlepaw mumbled, then walked away silently.

Author's note: Sorry for the chapter being so short! I couldn't think of anything more. I promise to make the next chapter extra long!

Part 9

Sealpaw woke up, a stick jutting into her side. "Ow!" She yowled and leaped up. Stormpaw glared at her and went back to sleep. Droplets of blood forming on her flank, she curled back into her moss nest and slept.

"It smells like blood!" "Did Thunderclan attack? Are the kits okay?" "It smells like all of Shadowclan exploded in here!" Sealpaw was woken up by loud meows and hisses. Sealpaw's ears flattened and she started to bristle when she realized the stench of blood was coming from her. "I'll... be right back." Sealpaw dashed out of the den, hoping not to be noticed by anyone.

"That should do it... and there!" Dovesong pressed cobwebs onto Sealpaw's wound. "Thank you so much!" Sealpaw squeaked. Dovesong nodded and Sealpaw left the den.

"Today, we'll be learning how to hunt!" Curlytuft mewed, looking at Sealpaw. "First, you crouch down. Push yourself slowly forward, making your pawsteps as soft as feathers. Prey can hear the vibrations. Then, once you're close enough, you leap!" Sealpaw nodded, and started to squirm towards a squirrel.

"Gotcha!" Sealpaw yelled as she leaped towards the squirrel. The squirrel darted away, and Sealpaw landed with a thud on her shoulder. "Dang it!" Sealpaw hissed. Curlytuft seemed to have a faraway look in her eyes.

"Oh no... That's strange... There aren't squirrels in Windclan territory." Curlytuft mewed, nervously. She frantically sniffed the air and found that they were still on Windclan's turf. "Thunderclan is far away!" Curlytuft flattened her ears, and looked at more squirrels roaming the hills.

"Curlytuft, watch!" Sealpaw crouched down, and slid towards a

rabbit, and leaped on it, succesfully catching it. "Curlytuft? Why are there so many squi-" Sealpaw got knocked over by a swarm of squirrels, and yowled as they started to scratch her. Sealpaw dashed away, avoiding a bite. Sealpaw picked up her first catch and darted back to camp, with her mentor.

Author's note: Those squirrels are acting strange! Do you think they have rabies, or are planning a revenge? We'll find out soon!

Part 10

Sealpaw arrived at camp, and yowled. "THE SQUIRRELS ARE ATTACKING! HELP!"

Everyone in camp looked at her like she had three heads. One warrior, Crowbranch stepped up. "No such thing as mad squirrels. I'll go out and check. Lakestorm, come with me?" Lakestorm nodded. The two warriors walked outside.

"They're in danger..." Sealpaw hissed.

"Crowbranch got bit!" Lakestorm hissed, dashing back into camp, dragging Crowbranch to Dovesong. "Fix him, fix him, FIX HIM!" Lakestorm frantically hissed.

Dovesong looked at Crowbranch. Desperation flashing in her eyes, she yelled at Leopardwing to grab the odd looking flowers growing across camp.

"These will either kill him or fix him. We've gotta try, or he'll die anyways!"

Leopardwing grabbed the wing-shaped flowers and fed them to Crowbranch frantically. "Don't die, don't die, DON'T DIE!!!" Leopardwing screamed, feeding flowers to her brother.

Crowbranch gurgled, then collapsed. The surrounding cats ducked their heads in sadness, with Sealpaw and Littlepaw staring in horror.

Suddenly, Crowbranch stood up.

"Urgh... My throat feels like it's been ripped out. What did you feed me?" Crowbranch groaned. Leopardwing ran over and nuzzled him, Lakestorm yowling with happiness, "He's not dead! HE'S NOT DEAD!" Crowbranch's eyes lit up, and he mewed, "I'm glad to be back." while looking at his sister Leopardwing, and his mate

Lakestorm.

"I should keep some of these for later." Leopardwing scooped up the winged flowers. "I'll call them Wingflowers."

Part 11

Brookstar's mew rang across the clearing. "May all cats old enough to hunt gather around. Four apprentices will be becoming warriors." Sealpaw, Littlepaw, Oakpaw and Stormpaw hopped up to the rock where Brookstar was on. "Oakpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code for your whole life?" "I do." Oakpaw replied. "Then by the power of Starclan, you shall now be called Oakfoot."

The naming ceremony went on until Oakfoot, Littlesong and Stormstep all had their warrior names. Sealpaw was more nervous than ever.

"Sealpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code as long as you live?" Brookstar's eyes shone down on her. "I do..!" Sealpaw squeaked, nervously.

"Then, by the power of Starclan, you will now be known as..." Sealpaw's heart was racing. "Sealsplash! May you serve your clan well through the rest of your moons." Brookstone looked proudly at the new warriors.

The four warriors looked proudly at eachother. "Stormstep, I assume you'll be bragging about your warrior name?" Stormstep shook his head. "That's kit-like. I'm a warrior now." Sealsplash's eyes glew at the mention of how Stormstep wouldn't be a pest anymore.

Everything seemed *perfect.*

However, the prey was beginning to fight back, one by one.

Part 12

Sealsplash looked happily at Littlesong. The two warriors sat outside the camp for their vigil.

In the moonlight, Sealsplash was laying on her back, and Littlesong and Stormstep were staring at each other. Oakfoot was watching intently, silently waiting. Stormstep blinked and flattened his ears. He had lost the staring contest! Suddenly, a noise came from the bushes.

A young rogue, looking to be about their age, burst out of the bushes.

"I'm Cherry. Can I please join your clan?" Cherry chirped, smiling. Littlesong and Sealsplash's gazes flashed to eachother, as if to say, *Talk to the leader! We don't trust you!* "I was walking through the twolegplace, but some cats with spiky collars chased me out for not being strong." Cherry looked upset, and mewed. "Why are you ignoring me?"

"Wait till morning. We're not allowed to speak." Oakfoot whispered to the rogue. "Leave before you get caught, and then come back."

Cherry left, and the cats finished their vigil, and watched the sun rise.

* * *

The tired warriors walked back into camp, and laid down in the sun. "It's so quiet here!" Oakfoot mewed. Sealsplash nodded, and drank some water. The sun was shining down, warming everyone's hearts.

"Look! Fuzzpelt's kits!" Littlesong mewed, happily, as 3 young kits stumbled out into the clearing.

"She had kits?! Why did no one tell me?!" Sealsplash mewed,

looking at the kits. Beetlefur walked Fuzzpelt, and watched the kits alongside her. A black and white she-kit sped around, who looked just like Beetlefur. A light brown she-kit who looked like Fuzzpelt chased him. A mottled brown tom was rolling around in the grass.

"Antkit, get back here. Peachkit, what are you doing? Wait, Seedkit, don't bite that!" Fuzzpelt mewed. A mottled brown kit reached out it's jaw slowly and snapped down onto Sealsplash's tail. She winced, and Littlesong mewed, "Seedkit, try not to bite her tail, okay?"

Suddenly, the rogue leaped through the camp entrance. "I though that was hidden!" Fuzzpelt mewed in alarm. "Which one's the leader? Are you the leader, tiny kitten? Who's the leader?!" Cherry crouched down and mewed at Peachkit. Brookstar leaped down and faced Cherry. "What is your name, rogue? I am Brookstar, the leader of Windclan."

Cherry's eyes gleamed. "I'm Cherry! I want to join your clan, because I was chased away from my old home. This place seems nice!"

Brookstar looked at her. "Well, *Cherry*, you'll have to prove yourself. Catch a rabbit and bring it back." Cherry bounded out of the clearing.

"That should give us some time. We don't-" Beetlefur's mew was cut off when Stormstep brought a shiny rock over. "I-I think we should w-welcome her!" Stormstep's voice was shaking.

Sealsplash walked over, and smiled. "Oooh, we might need to expand the nursery!" Sealsplash teased. "N-no! I j-just think we should be k-kind!" Stormsteps voice quivered.

Cherry ran over, carrying a squirming rabbit. Sealsplash ran over and nipped the back of it's neck. The rabbit flopped onto the fresh-kill pile.

Brookstar looked at her. "We'll have to train her a little bit, but she can join."

Part 13

"Cherry, your name will be Cherryleaf!" Brookstar looked at her. "There are no cats to mentor you, so I will help you train. You've proven yourself to be worthy of joining."

"Hooray! Thank you, thank you, THANK YOU!!!" Cherryleaf's eyes gleamed.

Sealsplash led Cherryleaf outside camp. "First mission. We need to take out the squirrels." Sealsplash said. The warriors dashed, and rounded up the squirrels, killing whichever tried to bite. Littlesong picked up a limp squirrel and threw it into a pond. Cherryleaf gasped. "A waste of prey!" Cherryleaf ran to get it, but Stormstep and Oakfoot stopped her. "You can't eat them, they'll make you die! It's worse than deathberries and nightshade COMBINED!" Oakfoot yelped.

The cats dashed around, chasing the squirrels out onto the hills. Soon, every squirrel was gone. "We did it! No more disease!" Sealsplash purred.